ROMANCES WHICH HAVE TAKEN WORLD BY EARS

Rose Harriet Pastor, a Jewish Maiden of the Ghetto, and Anna Bennett, a Pretty Telephone Girl, Win Wealthy Husbands.

FASCINATING DETAILS OF THE TWO LOVE STORIES

John Graham Phelps Stokes, Millionaire Clubman, Settlement Worker and Municipal Reformer, and E. R. Whitney, Wealthy Montreal Lumberman, Find Strange Affinities—Queer Pranks Which Cupid Has Played.

New York City.—What queer pranks Master Cupid plays at times! He draws his bow and lets his arrows by, and lo, and behold, all the world pauses to look and to listen. Love is such an old, old story, and Cupid has been so long engaged in his magic archery, making two souls content with but a single thought and causing two hearts to beat as one, that the ordinary, commonplace love affair causes scarcely a ripple on the vast sea of life as it rolls on to the eternal shores. But occasionally Cupid quite outdoes himself. Apparently he becomes impatient with simply performing the expected, and twang, twang goes his bow, and swish, swish go the fleeting arrows, and the unexpected has happened. The rich, and the poor, the high and the low, the gray hairs of winter and the fresh bloom of summer are brought together in charming harmony, and at such times the world likes to pause and gaze on the romantic picture. It delights to study the roseate hues, the warmth and fullness of coloring, the striking contrasts, the brilliant lights that glint and flash through the picture and then it likes to wonder in soberer frame of mind if there will be any darker shades which the years will paint into the picture to destroy the first flush and glory of Cupid's daring work.

Cupid knows that love has a universal language, and that it is potent to overcome every natural barrier. He knows that love pauses not to reason why, but that it dares to do, and even die, if need be, in its assaults on the strongholds of the human heart. He knows that there are no race or class distinctions, nor social conditions or barriers which love cannot with apparent reckless ease sweep aside. And because Sir Cupid knows all this full well, he dares to draw his bow and send his dart cleaving the heart of a young man whose wealth is counted in millions, whose social position is of the highest, a Yale graduate,

and a club man, and the heart of a poor Hebrew maiden, a Russian Jewess, whose life has been spent amidst the world's humblest, and who has rolled cigars year in and year out that the mother and five other children might have bread and shelter. Cupid has strangely linked the proud name of John Graham Phelps Stokes and the unknown, yet euphonious name, of Rose Harriet Pastor.

Cupid's Double Play.

But Cupid has done more than this. He has made in New York what might be called a double play, and from one end of the land to the other his strange pranks are interesting and fascinating the reading public. A wealthy business man of Montreal, a man of mature years as well as of great riches, has fallen victim to the charms of a "hello" girl. Cupid has discovered an affinity between a Mr. E. R. Whitney, capitalist, and sage of 70, and Miss Anna Bennett, telephone operator, and winsome maiden of some 20 summers, and this is the second remarkable romance which is setting the tongues of the gossips to wagging and giving the public something else to think about besides Standard Oil wickedness and "tainted" money, the beef trust investigation, or the Hyde and Alexander fiasco.

What the Lovers Say.

Of Cupid's work, Mr. Stokes says: "We are not two; we are one in spirit." And Miss Pastor echoes a like sentiment when she says: "Life is a riddle, of which love is the answer. Our souls met and we knew that we belonged to each other."

The gray-haired lover steps forward with the spring of youth and says: "See here, I'm not an old man. I've never had a day's illness in my life, and the insurance companies have accepted me for all the insurance that I can carry. I regard myself as the most fortunate of men—I wouldn't change places with anybody in the world. I expect to be supremely happy for the rest of my days." And the blushing maiden demurely adds: "Our wedding will be a very quiet one, and after that we are going to Europe." And a whole fairyland of a new and big world opens up before the vision of the girl whose horizon has been limited to one land, and to the noisy whirl and bustle of a big city.

How romantic it all is! What fascinating reading! It is just as if the characters of some charming novel had stepped down into real life and were enacting a roll of which the boldest romancer in his most extravagant flights might have conceived. A double bill. Two romances in real life which are stranger than fiction.

Humble Origin of Rose Pastor.

Twenty-six years ago Rose Harriet Pastor was born in Augustovo, Suwalk, Russia, a child of the peasantry Tolstoi and Gorky have told the world about. Of this period of her life Miss Pastor says:

"I was only three years old when I left Russia, but I think I can remember a little about it, just a very little, faint shadow of remembrance. Then there was London, where we lived in Whitechapel, and were very poor, indeed."

A chapter in her life which had its beginning in London in those early years had an interesting sequel in New York city recently, and reminds one of the fact that Pastor is not the real name of the young Jewess. Her father's name was Jacob Weisslender, and about a year after their removal to London he was divorced from her mother, and all trace of the man was lost.

Finds Her Father.

Mrs. Weisslender married a man named Pastor, and Rose took her stepfather's name. He died several years ago, and the support of the family fell on Rose, the eldest child. When she moved to New York, about two years ago, and obtained employment on the Jewish Daily News, she set about to find her father. Her friends assisted her, and about 18 months ago Bennett Lieberman, who worked with her, discovered an old cobbler in a little shop on Scammel street. The name on the sign was "Yankel Weisslender." Weisslender was Rose Pastor's father.

Mrs. Pastor and her daughter sought the Scammel street place. The old shoemaker had taken unto himself a young wife. Mother and daughter never again revisited the place, and they have kept their secret. A short time after the visit Weisslender sold his shop and left the city. He is now believed to be in Scranton, Pa.

Early Struggles.

Of her early struggles and ambitions, and her successful overcoming of obstacles and hindrances, which would have overpowered the average person, she says:

"I learned to read there, and when I was nine years old we came to America. We lived in Cleveland, and when I was 11½ years old I went to work in a tobacco factory, rolling tobacco for cigars; always that for 12 years.

"When I first went to work, a man came in and sent me home. I did not know why then, but I do now. It was because I was too young to work in a factory. But it was not long until I was back at the work. I was not unhappy. I am never unhappy at work.

"One day a boy lent me 'Les Miserables.' That took hold of me in a wonderful way. That boy was the son of the owner of the factory. His father sent him through Yale. He went back to Cleveland, opened a law office and while waiting for clients wrote 'The Fugitives,' which was brought out last year."

Brighter Days.

And while John Graham Phelps Stokes was preparing for Yale, and leading the life of the rich, the Jewish girl, with the eyes of the dreamer and the hair of Rossetti's "Blessed Damosel," sat year after year at her bench, rolling the endless rows of cigars and dreaming, ever dreaming.

After 11 years her dreams found expression. She began to write bits of verse, and found a market for her work with the Jewish Daily News, of this city. A position was offered her on the paper, and she came to New York, relying on her own salary of $15 a week to support her mother and six younger children.

Five months after her arrival she was sent out on her first interview. To the shy, reserved girl it was a difficult task. She was sent to interview J. G. Phelps Stokes, of the University Settlement. Only a month previous Mr. Stokes' sister Caroline had startled the social world by marrying young Robert Hunter, a settlement worker. Rumor had it that they were to establish a rival settlement to the University, and that Phelps Stokes would join them.

Beginning of Remarkable Romance.

Miss Pastor was sent to get a statement from Mr. Stokes, and here is the beginning of the remarkable romance. Her simple, modest statement of this incident and what it has meant to her, is as follows:

"It will be two years next July since I came to New York and soon after I came I went to work on the Jewish Daily News. The first interview to which I was assigned was one with Mr. Stokes. I did not want to do it. I pictured him as old and stiff. My editor insisted. When I was told that he was out of town I was delighted. 'You will have to go again,' said my editor.

"Again I received the same information that he was not in town, and was relieved. An interview was arranged, however, and as I went to keep the appointment I met Mr. Edward King, and induced him to accompany me.

"When I met Mr. Stokes I said: 'Oh, I did not know you were like that,' and we fell to talking of many things that interested us both. In showing me around the building we stepped out onto a balcony, and, as we stood looking down to the people. I noticed his expression, and thought how much he looked like Lincoln—the same kind of beautiful homeliness.

"As we have come to know each other we have simply planned our lives together. That is all there is to it. I do not expect to change my way of living in any radical way. We will get an apartment on the lower East side, if we can find one there with light enough. That is the only luxury we shall insist upon."

No Claim to Beauty.

What is there about this child of the Ghetto, this young Russian Jewess which should have taken the eye and captured the heart of the quiet, reserved, thoughtful social worker and reformer, J. G. Phelps Stokes? She is simple and cordial in her manner, and she seems to expect the same qualities in those with whom she talks.

She is not beautiful, but there is that in her face which attracts and holds attention and interest as mere beauty would not. Her hair is the most striking thing as one first looks at her—auburn, and full of waves and lights. She parts it, emphasizing her low, broad brow.

Her eyes are brown, and her face lights up in a wonderful manner as she talks. Quite at her ease, without embarrassment, apology or boastfulness, Miss Pastor talks of her past life, of her meeting with Mr. Stokes, of their subsequent acquaintance and the development of their attachment and of the coming marriage on the anniversary of her birth, June 18.

The Man in the Case.

And Mr. Stokes views the circumstances in the strange alliance in the same, matter-of-fact way. He seems to think nothing unusual in one of his birth and position and wealth finding a bride whose life and training have been so different from his own. Mr. Stokes is a young man who, since the completion of his college course, has been interested in settlement work and social reforms. He is a member of one of the oldest and proudest families of New York, and is said to have inherited $10,000,000 from his grandfather. Years ago he voluntarily relinquished his social position with all its attractions, and the brilliant business prospects which his wealth and training opened up for him, and dedicated his money and his life to work among the poor, and in the ghetto of New York he has reared an imperishable monument to himself and incidentally won for himself a bride, who in spirit and purpose is at one with him.

Miss Pastor's View of the Ideal Man.

It is interesting to know what his bride-to-be thinks of the man she is to marry. She draws the picture as follows:

"Mr. Stokes is a deep, strong thinker. His youthful face takes by virtue of its frank, earnest and kind expression.

"One glance at his face and you feel that Mr. Stokes loves humanity for its own sake, and as he speaks on with the sincerity that is the keynote of his character, you feel how the whole heart and soul of the man is filled with welt schmerz. You feel that, metaphorically speaking, he has 'sown his black young curls with the bleaching cares of half a million of men already.'

"Mr. Stokes is very tall, and I believe, six foot of the most thorough democracy. A thoroughbred gentleman, a scholar and a son of a millionaire, he is a man of the common people, even as Lincoln was. He is a plain man and makes one feel perfectly at ease with him. Nor does he possess that one great fault that men of his kind generally possess, the pride of humility. He does not flaunt his democracy in one's face, but when his democracy is mentioned to him, he appears as glad as a child who is told by an appreciative parent, you have been a good boy to-day."

The Romance of Another Type.

Such are the man and woman, and such is the network of romance which has woven itself into their lives and bound them together. As we turn to the Whitney-Bennett romance we find a very different type of love story. It savors more of the purely sentimental.

Miss Pastor and Mr. Stokes speak of affinity, and find the ordinary expressions of sentimental love crowded out by the deeper currents and purposes of life. The Christian and the Jewish maiden have lost sight of all class, race and social conditions, and each has recognized in the other the complement of self, that something, that inspiration, that sympathy, which will enable them both more surely and completely to realize their ideals in serving humanity.

But in the case of Mr. Whitney, of Montreal, the millionaire lumberman, and Miss Bennett, the pretty telephone girl, it is entirely different. Their romance is written all in love's most sentimental characters. A sweet voice floating over the wire, a pretty face seen afterwards, a lonely old widower with a susceptible heart, a courtship in which flowers, and jewelry, carriage and automobile rides, theater parties and dainty and elaborate suppers figure prominently. These are the elements we find in this charming story, and to many a reader it will prove the more interesting and readable of the two.

Her Sweet Voice.

It chanced that E. R. Whitney, a capitalist of Montreal, came to New York last year for a long stay. He took rooms at the Astor house. One day he called up a business friend at the Grand Union hotel. There was difficulty in getting his

party on the wire. But it wasn't "Central's" fault.

Instead of imitating the rather hasty tones of Mr. Whitney, as does the average Central, or giving him a "Busy!" this operator on the other end of the line really tried to get the call for Mr. Whitney. So sweet was her voice and so charming her manner that the impatient business man at the other end was much impressed.

He got his party, an appointment was made and next day found Mr. Whitney at the hotel to transact his business. The interview over, again he sought the telephone. At the switchboard sat a charming young girl. Mr. Whitney gave her the number he wished, and when he heard her ask "8100 Cortlandt" over the wire, great light came over him.

Her Pretty Face.

At once he recognized the voice—it was the voice of the day before, when he had been so courteously treated over the wire. If the voice had pleased him, the sweet-faced girl who gave him his call delighted him. Mr. Whitney is 70 years old, but he hasn't forgotten the gallantry of youth. In the twinkling of an eye he had recalled the incident of the day before, and the blushing girl owned up that it was her voice that he had heard over the wire.

Now, Mr. Whitney is a man of decision. He admired the pretty telephone girl and he decided that it would be a saving of time if he could be nearer her when he wanted to use the 'phone. It isn't necessary to recount right here that perhaps there were other influences that caused his decision.

At any rate, on the very next day there appeared on the register of the Grand Union the name "E. R. Whitney, Montreal." He took an expensive suite and the Astor House knew him no more.

Devotion Itself.

Every day found Mr. Whitney at the "Central" office of the Grand Union hotel. Nobody could satisfy his wants as could Miss Bennett. They chatted pleasantly enough while he was waiting for his calls and finally the day came when the elderly millionaire ventured to ask Miss Bennett if he might take her to the theater after her day's work.

"If you meet my father and mother and they are willing," she said, very frankly.

"Nothing better," responded Mr. Whitney heartily, and that evening found him a caller over in Greenpoint at No. 213 Nassau avenue.

It was no mansion that he found. Instead, Miss Bennett's home proved to be a very modest little three-story wooden flat-house.

The Bennetts—father, mother and three sisters—lived on the top floor at that. Mr. Whitney found further that Miss Bennett's two sisters, Alice and Jennie, like herself, were telephone operators, and that T. V. Bennett, the father of the three sweet-faced girls, was foreman in the Fleischmann yeast factory at Greenpoint.

The First Theater Party.

There was a very pleasant call, and at ten p. m. Mr. Whitney went back to his hotel in Manhattan. Next evening a hansome cab dashed up in front of the modest flat-house, and out of it stepped Mr. Whitney. Now, cabs are not over numerous in Nassau avenue, Greenpoint, and the neighbors wondered. They didn't have long to wonder, because out of the house came pretty Miss Bennett in her daintiest dress and was handed into the cab by the gallant Mr. Whitney. There was a delightful theater party for two in Manhattan, a little tete-a-tete supper afterward, and then the cab took the pretty telephone girl back to Greenpoint.

With this as a beginning, the rest was easy. There came an automobile sometimes, and as often other hansoms. Messenger boys delivered flowers and notes. Occasionally a jeweler's clerk brought something in a tiny velvet box to No. 213 Nassau avenue, Greenpoint, where jeweler's clerks are seldom seen.

Then the Proposal.

Of course, all this attention meant but one thing—a proposal. Last week it came, and on Saturday evening when Miss Bennett put on her hat and wraps at the end of the day's work she notified the hotel management that she had done her last day's work.

"I am to be married," she added.

"That very same Saturday Mr. Whitney went to the office of the Grand Union hotel and asked for his bill. He paid it and, calling a cab, drove over to the Hotel Astor, Forty-fourth street and Broadway, where he took suite No. 305. There he is now, getting ready for his wedding.

Loyal to Old Friends.

In her prosperity Miss Bennett has not forgotten her less fortunate friends of her "hello" days. The bridesmaid at the wedding is to be Miss Ida Schwindt, another telephone operator who presides at the switchboard of the Park Avenue hotel. Mr. Whitney has handed her a handsome check to provide herself with a bridesmaid's gown. But of this or of her elderly fiance's wealth Miss Bennett will not speak.

Telephone Gossip.

There are certain things which at the other telephone girls in New York have heard, but which none of the interested parties will confirm. Call up any "Central," and she will tell you the gossip. These are, that Mr. Whitney has already settled $100,000 upon Mr. Bennett and that he and her father were present at the signing of the papers; that her wedding gift will be a $9,000 automobile; that Miss Schwindt has received $500 for her bridesmaid's dress and a diamond cluster ring for a souvenir, and that Mr. Whitney himself is one of New York's new unknown millionaires.

Mr. Whitney doesn't look his years. He is powerfully built, more than six feet tall, and has apparently many years yet to live. He is as sprightly and attentive as a man half his years. He made his money in asphalt and lumber.

NEEDS NO COAL OR WATER

Locomotive Ordered for Chicago Railroad Which Will Revolutionize Transportation.

Chicago.—Three thousand miles without a stop, and at the rate of 100 miles or more an hour, is the capacity of a new type of locomotive which has been ordered by a railroad making its headquarters here. If it does all that its makers promise for it, this locomotive, which is a revision of the Dissel engine, will revolutionize transportation.

The locomotive, or, really, power house on wheels, is entirely different from anything now in use. The cost of operating it will be less than one-half the cost of operating the present type of steam engine. Fuel oil, costing but three or five cents a gallon, is the only fuel that has to be purchased, and there is no necessity of erecting and maintaining an expensive water tank or coal chutes. The machine is what is known as the four-stroke cycle. There is a compressed air reservoir, from which the power is obtained for starting. This gives the piston its first strokes when it takes the air alone at atmospheric pressure and temperature. The second stroke compresses this air and raises it to a temperature of about 1,000 degrees Fahrenheit. The third stroke is practically an expansion, with stroke. The oil is sprayed into the hot air, the amount being regulated by governors. During the first part of this stroke the combustion of this oil is carried on at a constant pressure for a period that is regulated by the amount of oil sprayed. The second part of the stroke is practically an expansion, with transference of heat, and the fourth stroke exhausts the gases.

Good Literary Taste.

"The Gospel of Common Sense" was the book a thief of Glasgow elected to steal from a public library in that city.

A PORTRAIT

TWO children, a boy and a girl, stood before a painting that hung upon the wall. The boy gazed with all his soul in his eyes, dimly conscious, perhaps, of what the picture would some day mean to him. It represented a soldier mounted on a black charger, and the man's face was eager, ardent and earnest. With sword in his uplifted hand he seemed urging men to battle.

The little girl indifferently glanced at the portrait from time to time. She had seen it so many times, and then, too, patriotism had not yet awakened in her undisciplined little heart. She was proud in the thought, however, that she possessed something of absorbing interest to her new neighbor. Finally, she began to relate the story she had heard so often.

"You see, it's a really true man, and he painted himself on papa's horse. Those are the clothes he wore in battle—"

"Humph!" said the boy scornfully, looking at her with the superiority derived from his sex and his four years' seniority. "Those aren't fighting clothes, Lucile! He's on parade."

Lucile wondered vaguely what that might be and then begged him to "come and play."

They played for many a day to come, and then the boy's parents moved to another city.

Seven years later he came back for a visit. He had now attained the great age of 17 and when he had met his former playmate, who had just proudly entered upon her "teens," that long-looked-for period, he said most condescendingly:

"Why, this must be little Lucile Felton!"

Straightway Lucile felt she hated him and they spent a few weeks of turbulent companionship in strife.

"I thought you were going to be a soldier," she said one day, "like the man on horseback in the picture!"

"What's the use of being a soldier?" he laughed. "There are no wars. I'd rather be the man that painted the picture than the soldier he represents. Let's go and look at it again."

"Papa gave it away—to the man who gave him the horse."

Ten years passed before Paul Willis saw his little playmate again. It was evening of a summer day at a fashionable watering place. He had just arrived and was instantly surrounded

SHE GAZED INTENTLY AT THE PICTURE.

by a group of old-time friends who claimed his attention and recognition after his years of foreign travel. Looking beyond the little group about him into the ballroom, his roving gaze was instantly caught and held by the vision of a girl with a pair of wonderful dark and deep eyes, an exquisite face and a quiet dignity in the carriage of her svelte figure.

"Who is she?" he asked of the man nearest him, and even before the answer came he knew the name would be "Lucile Felton."

"Look out!" he was warned, "Lucile cannot be accused of flirting, but she attracts all men and always turns them down."

She saw him coming across the room and knew him by the winsome brown eyes that were still the eyes of the little boy she had played with years before.

"Oh, yes!" she said carelessly, as he recalled himself to her memory. "I remember all my old playmates."

Then she turned to a man immaculate in evening dress who claimed her for the waltz.

Paul Willis stood gazing after them, all his ardor and impetuosity dampened by her nonchalent greeting. She smiled softly to herself through the waltz. The "little" Lucile Felton at 13 had at last been avenged. All the evening he watched her dancing and chatting with her partners, always gay and careless. His whole heart went out to her.

Just before the last dance he found an opportunity to speak with her alone. He was tongue-tied from this new, strange feeling.

"Are your parents well?" he finally asked abruptly. A shadow came over her face. The fan she had trembled.

"Did you not know? They died four years ago."

"Forgive me—I did not know," he said.

"And the old home," she continued, lifting saddened eyes to his, "burned down and all its contents."

She was more beautiful still with this sudden sorrow in her eyes.

"And you—where is your home?"

"I live with my sister, Mrs. Lothrop, in your home city."

Then others came up to her and he was outside the little circle.

But the next day and the many that followed showed no more of her momentary softening, and she resumed her old careless manner toward him. The season ended, and they both returned to the city, where he became a frequent caller at Mrs. Lothrop's. Always was the longing in his heart, but Lucile did not relax.

Her sister chided her one night after he had left them.

"He loves you, Lucile," she reproached.

"Oh, I don't know," said the girl, turning away her lustrous eyes. "They say he has always been sought after by women, but is never serious."

"That's what they say of you, Lucile," returned Mrs. Lothrop, accusingly.

But Lucile was humming a gay little French chanson, and made no response.

Paul Willis stood before his easel, gazing at the unfinished picture—the picture of a fair-haired boy and a perfect darling of a little girl, who were both looking up at the wall. One of his old photographs had served as his model for the lad's portrayal, and love had brought to his memory her childish face, but the picture that was to hang on the wall he could only dimly recall. The subject and the attitude of the man on the horse that had so stirred his young fancy were in his memory, but not perfectly enough to transfer to canvas.

The next day, while rummaging through the old stock of a picture dealer's he saw a small painting in antique frame that brought forth an exclamation of surprise and joy.

"Where did you get this?" he cried

"A lady sold it to me," replied the dealer. "She had met with reverses and—"

"Do you know where she got it?"

"Yes. She said the man who once owned the original of the horse in the picture gave it to her."

Willis secured the prize, and hastened to his studio, painting "the picture on the wall" with haste and skill.

It was Lucile's birthday. She was glancing with a half pleasure and half humor at the array of books, flowers and confectionery that covered the library table when a maid brought her in a note.

"There is a great, big package just come," she announced, "shall I have it fetched in here?"

"Wait!" and Lucile opened the envelope and scanned the note.

"Oh, Ethel!" she cried to her sister. "Paul Willis has sent me a picture—one he painted! Yes (to the maid) have them bring it in here and opened here."

She was not a little excited and curious. Paul was attracting notice in the world of art and to possess one of his pictures was a privilege. What would the subject be?

When the final wrappings were removed, she stood before it silent and memory-moved.

Her sister gave a little cry of pleasure.

"Oh, Lucile! I understand how he could paint you, but how could he remember that picture—the one we all loved so and we were so provoked when papa gave it away. Why, Paul was a mere child when he saw it!"

The maid now brought in a second package, a small picture, with explanatory note.

Lucile unpacked the portrait—the one thing left to her from her old home.

Later, when Paul Willis called, he found her still standing before the picture he had painted. He stood beside her as they had stood in their childhood, only now she was gazing intently at the picture, while his eyes were upon her.

She began to fear lest he should hear her heart-beats.

"Paul," she said tremulously, "I love it so!"

"Lucile!" he said in low, passionate tones, "Lucile, love me, too, can't you? I have loved you so long!"

"Paul," very softly, "I have loved you since the night at the ball."

"Lucile!"

He gathered her in his arms.

"But you were so cold—so indifferent—always, Lucile!" he said presently. "How could you hurt me so?"

"I was afraid," she murmured, "that you did not really care. I hoped you did, and then I remembered your tone once when you said: 'And this must be little Lucile Felton!'" His laugh was good to hear.

And the children so long separated were again united.—N. O. Times-Democrat.

THE MARAUDER.

There came a beggar to my door,
A comely little lad,
With sun-kissed hair and azure eyes,
With pensive mien, and sad.

So meek he seemed—so poor—alone,
I wept at such ill-faring—
Regardez! When he entered in
He proved a robber daring.

He barred the door, he barred the pane,
(Defenseless quite he found me),
A prisoner in my own demesne,
With braggart oaths he bound me.

He mocked my tears, he stole my heart,
With jest and gibe to flout me;
With rose-leaf strung on rose-leaf red
He wove his chains about me.

Quoth he: "Such sorry garb as yours
No thief would deign to borrow!"
He stripped me of my Cynic's robe,
Of Loneliness and Sorrow.

He found my store of Doubts and Fears,
Made loot to merry measure;
He scattered far to left and right
A hoard of doleful treasure.

He sealed my lips with kisses three,
And swore he'd stay no longer,
But though he made to loose my chains
I felt the links grow stronger.

Ay, strong as steel, these shackles sweet
I would not break nor sever—
A prisoner in my own demesne,
Love holds me fast forever.
—Meribah Phebrick-Reed, in Life.

PHOTOGRAPHING AN OWL.

Easy of Accomplishment If a Dog Be Brought to View of the Bird.

The great horned owl may also be fascinated by a dog, writes Silas A. Lottridge, in "The Great Horned Owl," in St. Nicholas. And the photographing of the great horned owl under these conditions is not difficult; wait until the owl seizes the fowl and stops to rest on the return to the woods; then let a dog be led to within 20 or 30 feet of the owl, and the bird will be all attention for the dog and take no apparent notice of the person leading it. The behavior of the owl at such times is very amusing. It stands motionless, gazing intently at the dog; but after a few minutes, if the dog remains quiet, the bird seems to become nervous, and steps first to one side and then to the other, hissing, snapping its beak, and ruffling its feathers. After this the owl will usually try to make off with its prey; but if another halt is made, the bird's actions show even more nervousness. While the owl's attention is thus attracted is the time to approach within "photo-distance" to get the "snap-shots."